Which once in him abated, al the reſt
Turnd on themſelues, like dull and heauy lead.
And as the thing thats heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement flies with greateſt ſpeed:
So did our men, heauy in Hot-ſpurs loſſe,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſſe with their feare,
That arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Than did our ſouldiers aiming at their ſafetie,
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worceſter,
So ſoone tane priſoner, and that furious Scot,
The bloudy Douglas whoſe well labouring ſword,
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turnd their backes, and in his flight,
Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the ſumme of all
Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath ſent out,
A ſpeedy power to incounter you my lord,
Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaſter,
And Weſtmerland: this is the news at ful.

*Earle* For this I ſhal haue time enough to mourne,
In poiſon there is phiſicke, and theſe newes,
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me ſicke:
Being ſicke, haue (in ſome meaſure) made me wel:
And as the wretch whoſe feuer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe hinges buckle vnder life,
Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes; euen ſo my limbes,
Weakened with griefe, being now enragde with griefe,
Are thrice themſelues: hence therfore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with ioynts of ſteele
Muſt gloue this hand, and hence thou ſickly coife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſht with conqueſt, ayme to hit:
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
The raggedſt houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frowne vpon th'inragde Northumberland,

Let



Let heauen kiſſe earth, now let no
Keepe the wild floud confind, let
And let this world no longer be a
To feed contention in a lingring
But let one ſpirite of the firſt born
Raigne in all boſomes, that ech h
On bloudy courſes, the rude ſcea
And darkneſſe be the burier of th

*Vmfr.* This ſtrained paſſion d

*Bard.* Sweet earle, diuorce not

*Mour.* The liues of all your l
Leaue on you health, the which i
To ſtormy paſſion muſt perforc

*Bard.* We all that are ingaged
Knew that we ventured on ſuch
That if we wrought out life, twas
And yet we venturd for the gain
Choakt the reſpect of likely peril
And ſince we are oreſet, venture
Come, we will al put forth body

*Mour.* Tis more then time, a
I heare for certaine, and dare ſpea

*North.* I knew of this befor
This preſent griefe had wipte it
Go in with me and counſell euer
The apteſt way for ſafety and re
Get poſtes and letters, and make
Neuer ſo few, and neuer yet mor

*Enter ſir Iohn alone, with hi*
*and bu*

*Iohn* Sirra, you giant, what ſa

*Page* He ſaid ſir, the water i
but for the party that owed it, he
he knew for.

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